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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. XII.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 24, 1886.

NO. 8.

OUR PANTS ARE SELLING AS THEY NEVER SOLD BEFORE! COMPETITION THIS SEASON!

Has brought pants prominently forward, and by comparison our stock was so superior as to make up, fit and lowness in price that our sales are greater than they ever have been at this time of year. **OUR PANTS FROM ONE DOLLAR TO EIGHT DOLLARS!** Our Boss Pants, however, is our "all-wool" at \$2.50. We guarantee this pant not to rip nor lose a button. Heavy OVERCOATS selling at your own price. Everything else REMARKABLY low.

DEPPEN'S CLOTHING HOUSE,

CORNER OF FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS, LOUISVILLE.

SECRET THOUGHTS.
 I hold it true that Thoughts are Things—
 Endowed with being, breath and wings,
 And that we send them forth to fill
 The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our "secret thought" speeds to the earth's remotest spot, And leaves its blessings or its woes Like tracks behind it, as it goes. It is God's law. Remember it! In your still chamber as you sit With thoughts you would not dare have known, And yet make comrades when alone, These thoughts have life, and they will fly And leave their impress, by and by, Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And, after you have quite forgot Or all outgrown some vanished thought, Back to your mind to make its home, A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair; They have a vital part to share In shaping words and moulding fate—
 God's system is so intricate.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Good Cheer.

THE ACTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY A. B.

She was only sixteen years old when my boy brought her to the country home where I lived in solitude, save for his occasional visits from the metropolis, where he was studying medicine—a dark-skinned, velvet-eyed girl, with a light smile like that of some beautiful wild creature, so full of grace and freedom with it. I was seated by myself, reading my Bible, when Hugh opened the door and said to me, after the first filial greeting:

"Mother, dear, here is a daughter for you!"
 "A daughter!" I echoed, dropping my spectacles to the ground, where they shivered into a score of sparkling pieces. For this was the first I had heard of my son's marriage. "Hugh, what do you mean?"
 "Didn't you get my letter, mother?" said he.

I had received no letter, and told him so.
 "That is unfortunate," said Hugh, gravely. "But I can tell you now what I wrote you last week—that I am married to Margaret Sinclair. Have you no welcoming kiss for my wife?"
 Mechanically I kissed her, but there was no heart in the action.

"Come into the parlor, my dear," said I, "and take off your hat and shawl. I suppose you are very tired with your journey, and would like a cup of tea."
 Margaret did not answer, only looked at me with her dark, solemn eyes.

"For mercy's sake, who is she?" I asked Hugh when I rejoined him, after leaving her in the one spare room of my cottage. "Where did you meet her? And how did you come to marry her in this unexpected way?"
 "She is the daughter of a broken-down actor, who boarded in the same house where I did, and died suddenly from an overdose of morphia. She was left utterly alone and unprotected, and I became interested in her before I knew it."

"Hugh!" was my comment.
 "You will try to love her, mother, for my sake!" urged Hugh, laying his hand caressingly on my shoulder. I could feel the sudden tears brimming into my eyes.

"Hugh," cried I, "I would try to love a beggar girl, if you brought her home here and asked me to love her. But it may not be such an easy task."
 Mrs. Dudley, an acquaintance of ours, comes to the next day, and I told her all about it.

"She seems a pretty girl enough," said Mrs. Dudley.
 "But she's such a mere child," said I: "and as inanimate as a block of wood. And an actor's daughter, too! Hugh has married her merely out of pity, and I hope he won't live to repent his rash quotation, that's all."
 "Do you really mean it?"
 "He as good as told me so himself," said I.

Margaret must have overheard the conversation, although I had no suspicion of it at the time.
 When the tea-bell rang, Margaret was nowhere to be found.
 "I suppose she has gone out to meet her husband," said I. These young married people are so silly. We won't wait for them, Mrs. Dudley."

The meal, however, was but half over, when Hugh came in, very pale, and with a set look about the muscles of his mouth which I had never before seen there.

"Mother," cried he, passionately; "what is this thing that you have done?"
 "I?" echoed I, in amazement.
 "You have driven my wife away from me!"
 "Hugh!"
 "Yes, with your cruel words!" he went on, vehemently. "This note which she has left me tells me that she has gone forever, poor girl; but she knows no home but the one I have brought her from. Get me my things tomorrow. I will follow her at once!"
 But when he reached the metropolis, and called at the house where he had first met his wife, Margaret had not been there; and no trace could he find of her anywhere.

He came back looking full ten years older.
 "Mother," said he hoarsely, "this is your work."
 "Oh, Hugh!" was all that I could say, as I wrung my hands in mute despair. "I didn't mean any harm! I didn't intend it."
 "You have blighted my life!" he said, bitterly. "And poor little Madge! Heaven only knows what has become of her!"

I can hardly remember how that Autumn and Winter passed away. But it was the next Spring, when Hugh fell ill of typhoid fever; and in his delirium he kept calling day and night for "Madge! Madge!" He never mentioned his mother's name; he never looked up into my face with eyes of tender recognition; but he fancied himself looking for a lost child, and the name of that child, repeated ever and anon, like a sad refrain, was "Madge!"

"Who is Madge?" the doctor asked me suddenly, as he came in. "Whoever she is, let her come to him. It will be his salvation."
 And then I was forced to tell him all. "Put an advertisement in the paper," said the doctor.

"Do you think it will do any good?" I asked, pitiously; and he answered: "I was sitting at the kitchen table that very evening studying out the form of an advertisement—I chose the kitchen so that the light of the lamp should not annoy my poor boy—when the curious magnetic thrill which sometimes announces to us the presence of another humanity than our own in the room crept through my veins, and looking up with a start, I saw Margaret."

Standing on the threshold, dark-skinned and velvet-eyed, just as she had stood that radiant September afternoon when I first saw her.
 "Is it true," she asked me, with a wild vehemence of manner, of which I had scarcely believed her capable, "that he is sick, dying, and not by his side?"
 I ran to her, holding out both my arms.

"Stand back!" she cried, passionately. "I have neither pity nor favor to ask of you. But I loved him! Oh, I loved him, even though he did not care for me!"
 "Margaret," cried I, "listen!"
 And from the sick-room came the pitiful reiteration of the one word:
 "Madge!"

She threw herself upon my bosom, with a burst of sobs and tears, which seemed to relieve her poor overburdened heart.
 "Tell me," she faltered, "that my ears are not deceiving me. Then does he want me?"
 "He is breaking his heart for you," I answered. "He loves you better than his own life!"
 "May I go to him?"
 "Go!"

I stood listening while she hurried into the darkened room—listening, with one hand pressed over my heart. And still came forth the pleading cry:
 "Madge! Madge!"

Until all of a sudden it paused, and I heard my poor boy say, with an utterance of ineffable relief:
 "She has come back to me, my Madge, and now I can die in peace."
 But he did not die, my only son. He lived, thanks to the tireless nursing and tender devotion of the dark-eyed young wife, who had come like a healing angel to his side.

"Madge," I said to her, the day that he first sat up in a cushioned chair, "it is you that we have to thank for this."
 And do you think you can love me now?" said she, imploringly.
 "My darling! my darling!" was all that I could say, as I clasped the slight small figure close to my heart.

And from that day to this there has never been the slightest shadow of doubt or dissension between me and my son's wife.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

FEB. 15th, 1886. The attitude of the President and Senate continues to be the chief topic of comment here. When will the Republican Senators next? Is a popular question. With Senators Logan, Edmunds, Morrill, Hoar and Sherman as leaders they might do more than anything that is extreme or unwarrantable. But some of them have become recalcitrant, and hostilities may yet end in a Senatorial retreat.

There is very little harmony among the majority in the Senate. There are too many Presidential candidates on their side of the Chamber for unity of purpose and action. There are no less than eight Republican Senators who are looking hopefully towards the White House and 1888.

The situation as between the Senate and Administration is not materially changed, but some of the Republicans are anxious to have the trouble end, and have gone so far as to say there is no real issue. One of them said, "I would come to the belief that there is going to be a fight between the President and the Senate. There can be none if the President is master of the situation. If he refuses the information we ask, that settles it. We can do nothing but refuse to confirm. At the end of the session he can reappoint his man, or appoint another man, that is all."

And then Senator Edmunds, who has been one of the managers of this demonstration against the Administration, virtually called for a truce to these farcical proceedings. It was when he asked that the Riddleberger resolution, presented by the Chair to the Senate, be laid on the table. The resolution referred to the strained relations between the President and Senate in regard to information affecting officials suspended or appointed, and defined the President's duty in the matter from the Riddleberger standpoint. Mr. Edmunds, suddenly awakened to the fact that the Senate had been wasting time, and said that there were but four months of the session left for business. The resolutions embodied no practical questions, and it would be time enough to debate the question when it should become a practical one.

Mr. Riddleberger is the Republican, readjuster Senator from Virginia. He is addicted to making eccentric propositions to the Senate, and something radical and silly is always expected from him. But on this occasion he was sufficiently sober to criticize the hoary-headed Vermont for voting against the Riddleberger resolution. He mentioned the fact that Mr. Edmunds himself had inaugurated debate on the subject involved. He concluded by remarking that he did not mind being run over by a railroad train, but he did object to being mashed by a wheel-barrow.

Although the Republicans say a great deal about removals without cause, I happen to know that they only wish more had been made by the new authorities. A Republican Senator expressed himself freely a few days since, "Confound Cleveland," exclaimed he, "the Republican in my state have been completely demoralized and our organization has been broken up because some of our most active politicians have been ousted in one blow. Said he, 'they are afraid to help us lest they might be removed, and I wish the President would dismiss every Republican now holding office in my state. Then they would go to work again for the party.'"

The Senate has now called upon three of the Cabinet officers to furnish information bearing on official changes, Attorney General Garland, and Secretaries Manning and Lamar. The two former have refused and the latter will do likewise. And now the House of Representatives has asked the Secretary of the Treasury to outline his future silver policy. If the Administration were not under the influence of the public, it has been asked to account for its past actions, for what it is doing at present, and finally, what it has been asked to state its future intentions.

Congress has accomplished but little so far this week. The Senate has talked of Dakota, high art and the Electoral Count, but has not voted for anything. The House is as usual waiting for something. It is now waiting for committee to report measures. The committee profess to be hard at work now, and pretty soon bill will come pouring in.

For the week all social entertainments have been abandoned through respect to the bereaved family of the Secretary of State. All engagements were canceled and invitations recalled. Two weeks ago the social world of the Capital stopped its round of gayety in consequence of the death of Secretary Bayard's daughter. This week stops again for the death of the Secretary's wife, who unable to survive the shock of their daughters' death.

A MAN BLUE AS INDIGO.

Eight Days Alive in a Coffin—The Face Which Turned Blue Has Since Returned to Its Natural Color—A Remarkable Case.
 (Louisville Commercial.)

But few people in Louisville know William Hancock, who has been living on Market, between Clay and Shelby streets, for the past fifteen years. A reporter for the Commercial on the 18, caught a glimpse of Hancock, who has had a remarkable experience, and bears a mysterious record in the neighborhood in which he lives. A neighbor who professes to know Hancock's history, on the 18th told the reporter the following:

"Sixteen years ago William Hancock was a man of some means, living then in Kansas City. He was taken ill and day by day grew rapidly worse. His ailment puzzled his physicians, and finally his life was despaired of, and a few days afterward he was pronounced dead. An undertaker was notified, and he prepared the body for burial. The funeral took place, and the body was laid in the receiving vault, preparatory to being placed in the ground. Eight days afterward the undertaker and his assistants went to the cemetery, and while in the act of moving the coffin to the fresh-dug grave, were startled by hearing a noise inside the coffin. The lid was forced off, and the men were much mystified on beholding the blue color of the supposed corpse. A physician was summoned and an electric battery was put to the corpse. In a few minutes William Hancock was on his feet again, after having been supposed to be dead for eight days."

A remarkable particular of the resuscitation was that Hancock always preserved the blue color of his skin. He was a tall thin man, with small whiskers, and so blue was the skin all over his body that it presented a peculiar and astonishing appearance. He never stirred away from home except to visit a game at cards with a few friends. He moved to Louisville shortly after his remarkable resuscitation which made him the subject of much curiosity in Kansas City.

His story has never before appeared in print. "Blue Bill," as he is called by the few who know him, is the father-in-law of John Hemming, who was formerly a civil engineer. Hemming was distinguished more for his rapidity in running through a large fortune than in anything else. At the age of twenty-seven his father died, leaving him only \$200,000. Two years afterward Hemming did not have money enough to buy a suit of clothes.

Hancock lives in strict seclusion and rarely ever goes out now for card playing. He has but rarely been seen upon the streets. He lives with his children, Mr. and Mrs. Hemming, on Market, east of Clay.

During the time that he lay in the coffin he remembers nothing, and was so far as any signs given out, dead. He lay ill for some time, and the only medicine he used was mineral water of different kinds.

Circuit Judges' Salaries.

Circuit Judges in Kentucky are all supposed to receive the same salaries under the law, but in practice the State pays most in salaries in those districts where the regular Judges do the least work. This is on account of the extra compensation of the Judges pro tempore, while the regular salaries are not diminished. The same state of affairs exists with regard to Commonwealth's Attorneys.

It seems to be in order to ask, if one of these officials may neglect his work for one or two months without a deduction from his salary, why he might not neglect it for twelve months a year upon the same terms. [Louisville Commercial.]

The question indicated by the Commercial is very properly under discussion in the Legislature and in the press of Kentucky.

There are instances, well authenticated, in which the State has been robbed in paying pro tem Judges. A Kentucky Judge (not now in office) neglected a term of his court to go on a spree in Cincinnati. He neglected part of another term to go on a fishing frolic. He drew his full salary and his pro tem was paid by the State.

On the other hand, there are cases in which the regular Judge cannot act—where he is related to either of the parties to the suit or has been of counsel for either. Then, in case of sickness, ought the Judge's salary to be docked?

In all instances where the regular Judge wilfully or unnecessarily absents himself, the pay of the pro tem, ought to be taken from the regular salary. This much, at least, seems clear to us. [Covington Commonwealth.]

Do You Mean Business?

Well, if you have strength to push your business, it is well. But many a man's business has broken down because the man was broken down, and had no push in him. If you want to make a success, build up your system by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. W. M. Winfree, of Petersburg, Va., says: "There is no medicine equal to Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility." It cures dyspepsia, enriches the blood and strengthens the muscles.

MATRIMONIAL EXPERIENCE.

The Happiness of a Loving Couple Which was Too Great to Last.
 (Texas Siftings.)

"SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE."
 "Dearest Lucy, don't you want to grace the hall this evening with your lovely presence? You know we received a very polite invitation."
 "Just as you say, dear William. Whatever pleases you pleases me. I will do whatever you think for the best."

Well, Lucy, suppose we go—that is, if it will afford you any pleasure. Don't say you want to go just because I suggested it. You know I am always happy if you are about."

"Just as you say, dear William. What dress shall I wear? Shall I wear my white satin dress or my bottle green merino with dead trimmings? You know which is the most becoming to me."

"Dear Lucy you are beautiful in any dress. Just consult your own taste, but I think your white satin dress is very becoming."

"That is just the one I was going to wear. How happy we will be at the ball. You must promise me, William, darling, that you will not leave me even for a minute. I am so sad and lonely when you are not about."

"What wouldn't I do to please you? I am sometimes afraid that our happiness is too great to last."
 "Don't speak that way, William. It makes a cold shiver run over me. Now I will go up stairs and dress."
 Lucy disappears.

"There she goes. What an angelic creature she is. How wretched I should be if anything happened to her. My heart tells me I will never cease to love her. What a happy man I am!"
 SIX YEARS LATER.

"Why don't you hand over the sugar bowl? You never put enough sugar in my coffee."
 "You just shut your mouth, Bill Beasley. I put enough sugar in the coffee to sweeten a barrel of vinegar. You Johnny, if you put your finger in that dish again, I'll make you wish you had never been born, you dirty little thing. You, Susan, quit that sniffing. Quit it, I say."

Mrs. Beasley pounds Susan on the back.
 "I don't think you ought to beat that child, but you always were a brute," said Mr. Beasley.
 "Bill Beasley, I want you to shut your mouth. You just mind your business."

"Pa, Johnny is tearing your paper." "You little scoundrel, I'll teach you to tear my paper. Take that!"
 Mr. Beasley cuffs Johnny's ear.
 "O, you bully," exclaims Mrs. Beasley, referring to her husband. "Come here, Johnny, poor boy. Did he hurt you? Here is a lump of sugar for you."

"Lucy, you act like a blamed fool. You are enough to drive a man crazy. You always insist on having your own way about things."
 "You can have your own way for a while, for I am going to the skating rink."

Mrs. Beasley takes her leave.
 "Heaven be praised. Now, I'll have a quiet time," sighed the husband. "What a wretched thing it is to be tied to that woman. If I was to live with that woman a thousand years, I'd never care a snap of my finger for her. What a fool I have been not to have hauled up a divorce lawyer long ago."

A New Year Reflection.
 (New York Ledger.)
 At the beginning of the new year it is well to consider what it is that gives to men substantial success in